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THE "CUTTY STOOL" OR SCOTCH STOOL OF REPENTANCE.

I FIND I have the advantage of Dean Ramsay, if he can be called so, in having witnessed in early life, at least half-a-dozen times, one of the most painful exhibitions that could possibly be witnessed under any circumstances, more particularly in the house of God.

The Very Reverend Dean observes: "A circumstance connected with Scottish Church discipline has undergone a great change in my time. I mean the public censure from the pulpit, in the time of Divine service, of offenders previously convicted before the minister and his Kirk session." This was performed by the guilty person standing up before the congregation on a raised platform, called the *cutty stool*, and receiving a rebuke. "I never saw it done," says the Dean, "but have heard in my part of the country of the discipline being enforced occasionally." The Dean then proceeds: "Indeed, I recollect an instance where the rebuke was thus administered, and received, under circumstances of a touching character, and which made it partake of the 'moral sublime'."

The case I am about to give, and which I witnessed in our parish church, partook, to a large extent, of the "moral ridiculous." We shall all agree with the Dean, as the most distinguished delineator of Scottish character, that such public censure "were more honoured in the breach than the observance." I must preface the instance I am about to describe by stating that my father had for a lengthened period used all legitimate means to see abrogated and annulled what he considered a most illegitimate method of inflicting Church censure, and contended that if the Church of Scotland, in its wisdom, believed such a mode of public exposure was the only proper course of stopping one crying evil—which my father ventured to declare it never would have the effect of doing—the least that the heads of families in the parish had a right to expect was to be previously apprised when the miserable exhibition of a poor erring creature on the cutty stool was to come off, so that the female branches of their families might have the opportunity of staying at home. I think my father even threatened to raise a fund to meet the fines from time to time, which, if paid to the Kirk session, saved the wretched exposure. He declared that the enormity should be bracketed with whisky-drinking as the great scandal of Scotland. The pecuniary fine to supersede the necessity of standing, not in a white sheet, but in a long black-headed wooden cloak, averaged from three to five pounds, the receipt of which, by the Kirk session, my relative pronounced to be the very emblem of the mammon of unrighteousness. "Condemnation," he exclaimed, "can be purchased in my parish at from sixty to one hundred shillings for each offence." He lived before his time, for with all deference to clerical authority, he held that if "the rebuke" (the term used) in accordance with the ecclesiastical canon, could not be dispensed with, it should be administered "within the closed doors of the sacred edifice—in fact, as executions now take place inside, not outside, the walls of Newgate." The worthy clergyman of our parish, a D.ctor of Divinity, and one of the most amiable men in the Church of Scotland, had been in early life my father's tutor, and he therefore conceived he might reasonably endeavour to exercise some influence with his reverend friend to stop such obnoxious and revolting proceedings, which he designated a public scandal and disgrace in a civilized country. However, I presume, as a clergyman, he could not procure the consent of his presbytery. My father, in his indignation, declared it to be an item of Church revenue, easily raised from the affluent offender, whereas, not so in regard to her who should have been admonished privately, and counselled in soothing language by her pastor to go and sin no more, but not through the channel of a public exposure. In "Hallelujah," we are told, "for 'tis the effort to have the engineer hoist with his own petard."

Many of us know, from bitter experience, how often the pioneer of improvements and reforms has to be sacrificed himself before the goal he aimed at is reached. These words will apply to my father, who contributed in no small degree to the removal of a most offensive custom, as the following incident proved the death-knell to the solemn mockery of the cutty stool in my parish.

Before the abolition of the slave trade, there was, from my district in Scotland, an excellent young man who was surgeon of one of the ships carrying the slaves from the African to the American coast. He had returned to London after one of his voyages, and had come into Surrey, where my father and mother resided, to pass the Saturday and Sunday with them. He was accompanied by a little black boy, the hero of this tale, and through whom an important reform was effected. The child was too delicate to be landed in South Carolina, and the kind-hearted doctor brought the poor little fellow with him home. My mother said to the young doctor, "You have acted your part by this child, and I should now desire to act mine, and bring him up." The youthful surgeon was delighted to hear this. She then said that, as her own infant (my eldest brother) was to be baptised in a few days, it was her intention her little African charge should at the same time be received within the bosom of the Church, and that, when the day was fixed, she would apprise him (the doctor), as she wished that he should be present. The day arrived, and the party was assembled in the church; my mother's infant had received his baptismal name, and now came his little African colleague to receive his. My father and mother made the inquiry. It had of course to be fixed instantly. "Well," said my father, "what shall it be?" "Don't you think, my dear," said my mother, "you had better give him your own name?" "A very good idea, and my name he shall have," and forthwith received it. Young Africanus was to all appearance between eleven and twelve years of age. He began his lessons, the first being to get rid of a habit of swearing which the sailors had taught him. For other literature he showed no particular taste; but his immense affection for the baby had no bounds; he was always volunteering his services as nurse; in fact, ever since the baptismal ceremony, Dick, the name the servants gave him, and by which he was known for the next thirty-eight years (Edward Boyd was the name the parson gave him), infant, and jealously did his best to his rights, to an extent that sometimes was troublesome. Next to baby, his affections centred on horses, and nothing did he relish so much as being put on the back of one; but he had so many falls my father told him he should not again mount a horse until he had learned to ride—on the principle of learning to swim before going into the water. My father, finding his instructions

on this head so little attended to by Dick, saw that the sooner he commenced his equestrian studies the better, and the plan he adopted to teach him was this. He desired the youngster to be dressed in his Sunday suit, adding the addition of his upper coat, and his riding horse, which was extremely fresh, to be brought out. Dick was firmly strapped on, and the strapping being concealed under the upper coat, the groom led the horse to the edge of Clapham Common, and let him loose, my father and a few visitors being present. Both horse and rider seemed to enjoy the fun. Dick grinned with intense delight, showing his brilliant set of teeth to all who came near him and his Bucephalus. Mr. Boyd's little black lad was immortalized that day on Clapham Common as one of the most fearless riders whom the residents had ever seen, as no straps were visible. The horse kicked, leapt, pranced, and galloped about the Common for two hours, at the end of which, Tom, the horse, thinking that he had had enough of it, trotted leisurely back to his stable.

One day my father, at his country residence, recollected that he had omitted an important message to the captain of one of his ships, to sail that night from Gravesend. There were no steamboats or railways in those days, but twenty-five miles to be accomplished by turnpike road, and his groom and coachman were both absent. Dick had been up and down to Ramsgate during the summer, and had the bump of locality largely developed. He heard my father expressing to himself his anxiety as to how a communication could reach the captain of the ship *Wheatfield*, at Gravesend. "Massa, me go to Gravesend," "You go to Gravesend?" said my father, "you don't know the way." "Me do, massa; me go Blackheath, Dartford, den Gravesend." "Well, Dick, that is quite right, but you can't ride Tom." "O massa, me ride Tom every day in London." "Now, Dick, if I send you with an important letter for Captain Young of the ship *Wheatfield*, what will you do?" "Massa, me go to Gravesend, me put up Tom at de stable, den me go down to de sea and take de boat, and me say, take me to de ship *Wheatfield*, and me go on board, and Captain Young know Dick, and me say, Captain, me have letter from massa in my pocket, and you, Captain, take it out, and you write massa letter, and me bring back letter to you, massa." "That will do very well, Dick—now go and dress yourself, and tell a man from the garden to saddle Tom and bring him round." In a quarter of an hour Dick was off to Gravesend, with the letter sewn in his coat, and ten shillings in his pocket to pay his expenses.

My father's mind was quite relieved, and he was much pleased with Dick's precocity and readiness. Within an hour Tom came galloping back without his rider. Dick, of course, was supposed to be somewhere having his wounds dressed, and the opportunity lost for dispatching this important letter. While my father was puzzling what was to be done, up drove a coach with Dick in it, on or injured, and the letter equally safe. But Dick was mortified in the extreme to learn that Tom had reached home first. There was no time for Dick's vivid description as to the manner in which Tom had dislodged him from his back, for in ten minutes my father was himself on it, reached Gravesend in a marvellously short time, and delivered his despatch in person.

Dick's first step of promotion in our family was to that position now termed "buttons," but in this capacity he was at times inconveniently ingenious. On one occasion, during a dinner party, there was something asked for out of the common way, upon which he announced to the whole room that there was none in the house. My mother next day said, "Dick, you must not in future be at a loss, nor must you speak so loud." Shortly after this, my mother having gone on a visit for the day, my father had for a guest his old friend, Sir James Shaw, who used to tell the following anecdote of Dick. Tea was ordered, and Dick was desired to pour it out. Sir James and my father discovered it was only hot water and milk. "Dick," exclaimed my father, "there is no tea!" "No, Massa, no tea. Missy take away the keys." "Then why did you get us hot water?" "Cause, Massa, Missy always say to me, 'Dick, never be at a loss.'"

I must now carry Dick down to Scotland, where he spent the next twenty-five years—the horse Tom about fifteen of that number, half of which he carried that glorious old soldier on his back, General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, to whom my father presented him—hero and horse having now both gone on the retired list.

Dick was pronounced, whether in the capacity of footman or butler, one of the best servants to be met with. He was honest, obliging, and affectionate. Probably he had too much of the last quality. The dinner was served up one Saturday, when suddenly our cook resigned the seals of office which she had held for years with the highest of characters, and retired to her relations in our village. Next day being Sunday, when little-tattle rules round the kitchen-door, and after service, to any conceivable extent, a dreadful rumour was floated to the effect that a "little stranger" had appeared, of somewhat an African hue. Dick's uneasy manner and chop-fallen look soon showed that he knew the secret of the rumour, and that he did not dispute the honours of paternity. My father's distress was acute, for he mourned bitterly over the loss of his excellent cook. My poor mother viewed the case from a more serious point. She feared there had been something terribly defective on her part, although she was always exhorting Dick to be sober-minded, and endeavouring to mould him as much as possible after the character of Joseph.

A few weeks had passed over, and the subject was dying gradually away. We were all at church—the sermon was over, the last hymn sung, when the clergyman announced, with the usual solemnity, that we were to keep our seats, as a most painful and needful duty had to be performed, *videlicet*, to "administer a rebuke." There was nothing which so instantaneously or so magically riveted the attention of his Majesty's liege subjects in a Scotch kirk as these words.

There stood a tall woman dressed and hooded in a long blue cloak. My father's countenance was now mantling with indignation to find that he was still no more successful "in putting down" this enormity than the sagacious alderman who was bent on "putting down suicide." But he was utterly unprepared for what was now to be enacted in the presence of a large and respectable congregation, including his own wife and family. "There you stand," said the clergyman, adding the name of my father's late cook; and after the two awful words, "heinous crime," &c., followed the name proper of his black man Dick, who, it will be recollected, was christened after his

master, Edward Boyd. "What's in a name?" A great deal more than is agreeable, thought my father at that moment, as he sat in the front seat of the gallery overhanging the pulpit, and was forced to listen to the administration of the rebuke.

Sydney Smith, the witty dean of St. Paul's, said that he should never have safety in railway travelling, until a bishop was burnt in one of the carriages; and here was my father, one of the most active magistrates of his county, if not burnt, at least thoroughly roasted, for no one would admit that black "Dick" was recognised by any other name, and it was not very easy for my father to persuade people in Wiltshire that Dick was not really Dick, but Edward.

"Well," said my father, "I acknowledge I am hoisted with my own petard, but my execution shall be the grave of the cutty stool in this parish." And so it was.—From *Marl Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years."*

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

(From *Land and Water*.)
NEXT to complexion and hair, what is more beautiful than a good set of teeth? "Next!" I ought rather to have placed the teeth at the head of secrets of beauty. Yet, no; for there are no secrets respecting these to divulge. Cleanliness and a healthy digestion are the only means by which teeth can be preserved. By the same rule that I decried cosmetics for the face, and washes for the hair, so I now decried odorous and dentifrices, many of which have caused teeth to decay years before they otherwise would have done, had nature been left to herself.

And now I am going to take a little leap upwards, and give a touch to the eyebrows—but not with kohl, ladies. No, no; I am too great an enemy to pigments of any description to allude to them in any way but condemnation. My aim is solely to invite you to keep your beauty by all natural means within your reach and knowledge, and in some cases even to help nature; as, for instance, with regard to the eyebrows. The long arched, narrow eyebrow is the prettiest, as we all know, but it is rare; it would not be taken in its cultivation during early youth. For instance, if a child's eyebrows were to be thin, brush them softly every night with a little coconut oil, and they will gradually become strong and full; and in order to give them a curve, press them gently between the thumb and forefinger after every ablution of the face or hands. Simple as this may seem, I have known the most wonderful effects result from it. I have seen girls with wide, straggling eyebrows reduce them into an arch-like shape within a year solely by these means, and surely all will allow that they are permissible. Then, again, as regards eyelashes, every mother knows that she has only to clip her baby's lashes while it sleeps, and continue the process during its childhood, to render them as long and luxuriant as those of a Circassian. Yet how few think of taking this precaution, which, indeed, is as necessary as cutting the hair, for those who study their daughters' future beauty. Let ladies, however, beware how they try the experiment on their own lashes, for they do not grow after a certain age. I remember a young friend of mine, who had received from nature as rich an eyelid fringe as woman could have, and who in her young wisdom thought to make it richer still by clipping it. She did clip it, and quite short. When next I saw her there was only a thick, dark stump round her eyes, which stump has remained ever since, for the fringe never grew again. Childhood is the time for cropping, not womanhood.

And what about the eyes themselves? There is but one thing that can beautify them, and that should be my last word on the subject. The eye now looks upon the most prominent feature of the face, but that not all the ingenuity of thought can alter; and it is fortunate, perhaps, that it is so, for whether it be eagle-shaped, or vulture, or aquiline, or snub, we may be sure it is the most becoming to the face, and therefore to be content!

A firm mouth in a man betokens character, and as such is often beautiful; but in woman, a firm mouth is most ungainly; firmly compressed lips, drawn-down corners of the mouth, repel rather than invite social intercourse. Smiles, on the contrary, render the ugliest mouth pretty; therefore, ladies, maidens, and matrons smile not only in society, but at home; not only in the drawing-room, but also at the homely fireside; not only in the palace, but also in the cottage. Smile, and from the heart! Smiles are the true secret of beauty of the mouth.

If a sculptor were asked, "What is beauty?" he would say the figure. But his explanation of a beautiful figure would somewhat startle our modern girls with "wasplish" propensities. He would say that the waist should be twice as thick as the neck, a fashionable girl would say it should not be so thick, but should be drawn in as tightly as strong cord will draw. Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the finest figures I have ever seen were those which never had a corset round them. There was the small, round, elastic waist, bending itself to every movement of the body and the full bust, unconfined by steel or whalebone—but firm, though pliable within its bodice. It is my opinion, that if corsets were never begun they would never be required, and our women would have better figures. Italian models, who sit for painters in Italy, are not allowed to wear corsets during any portion of the day, for fear of spoiling their figures—*ergo*, corsets cannot be improvers. However, as the age requires such things, let them be of the very best description. They are necessary evils at the best, then let the evil be as small as possible. All that is absolutely required is to give a firmness to the waist, which, it appears, is now deemed essential to a well-fitting dress, and the short French corset is the best adapted for that purpose. It is scarcely more than a wide belt, but it braces the waist, while it leaves the rest of the figure comparatively easy and free of action. I am sorry that the stiff-looking figures are the English. Why? Because ladies have too much corset. English ladies, as a rule, like their corsets to be very high and very long—they also like to be boned and tightened in an equal degree from top to bottom; consequently, they often look straight, stiff, and unshapely, whereas I do not believe that there are in reality better-made women anywhere than in England, only they spoil themselves with iron cases. But now that France is shut for fashion, and that London is looked to for new models (as it was in the early days of the present century), why not break through the trammels which have so long disguised our women—why not discard the corset altogether? Comfort and beauty would be the reward. But, as not all the preachers in England could once prevail on Englishmen to curtail the length of their shoes, I cannot hope that my poor feeble

words will be noticed otherwise than by a derisive smile. And yet, if a celebrated beauty of any mode were but to inaugurate the fashion, how soon every other beauty of every mode would follow in the wake. But time is flying, and space is filling, and yet I find I owe you still a word before concluding. What is the one thing that can beautify the eyes—aye, can beautify the whole person and render the plainest woman pleasant to look upon? Without it every other beauty is spoilt—with it, ugliness is lost. What was the belt which rendered Venus without her peer in Olympus? What was, what is, and what will ever be the greatest of all "secrets of beauty?"—good temper and amiability.

SNEAKS.

(From *The Liberal Review*.)
When the sneak attains mature years he is doubly dangerous because he is doubly cautious and has had larger experience. If he is engaged in business he will go about talking away the credit of that firm or person which may chance to be his particular rival. He will confidentially say that he has heard that the firm is in difficulties, and that it is going to be wound up, or that his rival is incompetent, not altogether straightforward, or something equally unsatisfactory. He will insidiously draw a comparison between himself and his unfortunate rival, of course to the unequivocal disadvantage of the latter. Or he will hint that his rival has openly triumphed because he has outwitted, or is going to outwit, the person to whom he (the sneak) is talking. In fact, he will do all he can to injuriously malign the absent rival, and he will do this in such a way that you cannot fairly contradict him, or make him, in any way, legally answerable for the slanders he has been uttering, were you disposed to do so. He does so much by inference, expresses such an indefinite meaning by a look, a grimace, or a sigh. If he is more than usually clever he will "damn with faint praise." In his sneaking way he will be so playing, and yet, withal, so condemnatory. In conversation he affects the gushing style. But, with all his "gush," he tells you very little, and when you have finished a conversation of an hour's duration with him you find that you know just as much as you did before about his affairs, and no more. You also find, however, that you have told him many things which you had no intention of doing. He has learned that you are hard-up, and how you managed to form a business connection with a remarkably good firm. This is, of all things, the last you desired to tell him; for you know that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he may adopt the very course pursued by you, and succeed in working you out and himself in, which, to say the least, would be decidedly unpleasant. He has, also, drawn from you many of the semi-secrets of your past life, that is to say, things which you only tell to your most trusted friends. You have told that once upon a time you were foolish and inclined to be a pretty little barmaid, and were once caught in the act of kissing her; and that once at a supper given by a friend who was leaving England, you drank more champagne than you ought have done. He deftly prompts you to tell more, and depend upon it, if he remains long enough with you, and unless you openly quarrel with him, you will tell him more. You will tell him things for which afterwards, you will be very sorry. It is a great art that of being "gushing" and yet telling nothing, but, at the same time, drawing from your companion all that which he has to tell. Yes, it is a very great art, and only a sneak can practise it successfully. Anyone who has ever been subjected to this "pumping" process has ample time to regret his misplaced confidence. The sneak is always, more or less, busy. Your admission, that you were hard-up, is construed into a tacit declaration of insolvency, and, for the rest, you are set down as a blackleg, a rascal, and a sot. So much for your simple admissions about the barmaid and the champagne. Take good advice and beware of those individuals who learn everything about you and tell nothing about themselves in return; who, in fact, only repay your confidence by whispering scandal about your friends. The sneak is very great at inciting working men to disaffection. He is the mover in most strikes, for by taking up the working man's cause, he may, perhaps, be appointed secretary, committee-man, or elected to fill some other equally easy and lucrative post, and that is much better than being a mere labourer. But for him half the disputes between master and men would be settled amicably.

And what a lot of sneaks there are in the world. What a comparative paradise it would be could they be instantly crushed out of existence. Friends could remain friends, then, and there would not be so many disagreeable stories, reflecting on one's credit and reputation, floating about. The lovers of scandal might regret this, but then they would still find enough to talk about. But sneaks cannot be crushed out of existence. We have to tolerate them. They are careful rarely to give us absolute cause of offence. They stab us, and we cannot tell who has stabbed us. What is to be done, then? Let them, as far as possible, be avoided. If you do not feel yourself sufficiently strong to encounter one in a verbal encounter, without committing yourself, when you see him bearing down upon you in the street, turn down a by-lane, an entry, or even pop into a pub; no, don't do that, for if you do, he will report that you are a confirmed drunkard, and frequent public-houses at all hours of the day. But do get out of his path. He will do you no good—he may do you harm; at any rate, he will try to do so, for it is his policy to raise himself by pulling down other people. If he will persist in getting in your way—why, cut him dead.

GOVERNMENT NOTICES.
General Post Office, Sydney, 27th July, 1871.
Mails via SAUNDERS & FRANCISCO.

RATES OF POSTAGE.
Correspondence payable by the United Kingdom is chargeable with the same rate of postage as specified in Table A of "Postal Guide" with the exception of newspapers, which are subject to a charge of 1d. per copy in addition to the rate.
Correspondence for British Columbia, the Dominion of Canada, the West Indies, Central America, and the East and West Coast of South America, is subject to an extra charge on delivery. The ordinary ship rate only will be charged upon that for Fiji, Honolulu, and the United States.

JOSEPH DOCKERS.
The Treasury, Queensland, 8th July, 1871.

It is hereby notified for the information of the Lessees of Crown Lands, and others interested, that a complete list of all Runs in this colony upon which rent is payable on or before the 30th September next, showing the amount due in each instance, is now published. The list may be purchased at the Government Printing Office, or will be forwarded by post on receipt of 5s. 6d.
JOSEPH P. BELL, Colonial Treasurer.

COAL FIREWOOD, ETC.

COAL, Fuel and Produce Merchants, Fremont, WARBURTON and SON'S splendid house coal, 12s, 20s, 24s, 28s, 32s, 36s, 40s, 44s, 48s, 52s, 56s, 60s, 64s, 68s, 72s, 76s, 80s, 84s, 88s, 92s, 96s, 100s, 104s, 108s, 112s, 116s, 120s, 124s, 128s, 132s, 136s, 140s, 144s, 148s, 152s, 156s, 160s, 164s, 168s, 172s, 176s, 180s, 184s, 188s, 192s, 196s, 200s, 204s, 208s, 212s, 216s, 220s, 224s, 228s, 232s, 236s, 240s, 244s, 248s, 252s, 256s, 260s, 264s, 268s, 272s, 276s, 280s, 284s, 288s, 292s, 296s, 300s, 304s, 308s, 312s, 316s, 320s, 324s, 328s, 332s, 336s, 340s, 344s, 348s, 352s, 356s, 360s, 364s, 368s, 372s, 376s, 380s, 384s, 388s, 392s, 396s, 400s, 404s, 408s, 412s, 416s, 420s, 424s, 428s, 432s, 436s, 440s, 444s, 448s, 452s, 456s, 460s, 464s, 468s, 472s, 476s, 480s, 484s, 488s, 492s, 496s, 500s, 504s, 508s, 512s, 516s, 520s, 524s, 528s, 532s, 536s, 540s, 544s, 548s, 552s, 556s, 560s, 564s, 568s, 572s, 576s, 580s, 584s, 588s, 592s, 596s, 600s, 604s, 608s, 612s, 616s, 620s, 624s, 628s, 632s, 636s, 640s, 644s, 648s, 652s, 656s, 660s, 664s, 668s, 672s, 676s, 680s, 684s, 688s, 692s, 696s, 700s, 704s, 708s, 712s, 716s, 720s, 724s, 728s, 732s, 736s, 740s, 744s, 748s, 752s, 756s, 760s, 764s, 768s, 772s, 776s, 780s, 784s, 788s, 792s, 796s, 800s, 804s, 808s, 812s, 816s, 820s, 824s, 828s, 832s, 836s, 840s, 844s, 848s, 852s, 856s, 860s, 864s, 868s, 872s, 876s, 880s, 884s, 888s, 892s, 896s, 900s, 904s, 908s, 912s, 916s, 920s, 924s, 928s, 932s, 936s, 940s, 944s, 948s, 952s, 956s, 960s, 964s, 968s, 972s, 976s, 980s, 984s, 988s, 992s, 996s, 1000s, 1004s, 1008s, 1012s, 1016s, 1020s, 1024s, 1028s, 1032s, 1036s, 1040s, 1044s, 1048s, 1052s, 1056s, 1060s, 1064s, 1068s, 1072s, 1076s, 1080s, 1084s, 1088s, 1092s, 1096s, 1100s, 1104s, 1108s, 1112s, 1116s, 1120s, 1124s, 1128s, 1132s, 1136s, 1140s, 1144s, 1148s, 1152s, 1156s, 1160s, 1164s, 1168s, 1172s, 1176s, 1180s, 1184s, 1188s, 1192s, 1196s, 1200s, 1204s, 1208s, 1212s, 1216s, 1220s, 1224s, 1228s, 1232s, 1236s, 1240s, 1244s, 1248s, 1252s, 1256s, 1260s, 1264s, 1268s, 1272s, 1276s, 1280s, 1284s, 1288s, 1292s, 1296s, 1300s, 1304s, 1308s, 1312s, 1316s, 1320s, 1324s, 1328s, 1332s, 1336s, 1340s, 1344s, 1348s, 1352s, 1356s, 1360s, 1364s, 1368s, 1372s, 1376s, 1380s, 1384s, 1388s, 1392s, 1396s, 1400s, 1404s, 1408s, 1412s, 1416s, 1420s, 1424s, 1428s, 1432s, 1436s, 1440s, 1444s, 1448s, 1452s, 1456s, 1460s, 1464s, 1468s, 1472s, 1476s, 1480s, 1484s, 1488s, 1492s, 1496s, 1500s, 1504s, 1508s, 1512s, 1516s, 1520s, 1524s, 1528s, 1532s, 1536s, 1540s, 1544s, 1548s, 1552s, 1556s, 1560s, 1564s, 1568s, 1572s, 1576s, 1580s, 1584s, 1588s, 1592s, 1596s, 1600s, 1604s, 1608s, 1612s, 1616s, 1620s, 1624s, 1628s, 1632s, 1636s, 1640s, 1644s, 1648s, 1652s, 1656s, 1660s, 1664s, 1668s, 1672s, 1676s, 1680s, 1684s, 1688s, 1692s, 1696s, 1700s, 1704s, 1708s, 1712s, 1716s, 1720s, 1724s, 1728s, 1732s, 1736s, 1740s, 1744s, 1748s, 1752s, 1756s, 1760s, 1764s, 1768s, 1772s, 1776s, 1780s, 1784s, 1788s, 1792s, 1796s, 1800s, 1804s, 1808s, 1812s, 1816s, 1820s, 1824s, 1828s, 1832s, 1836s, 1840s, 1844s, 1848s, 1852s, 1856s, 1860s, 1864s, 1868s, 1872s, 1876s, 1880s, 1884s, 1888s, 1892s, 1896s, 1900s, 1904s, 1908s, 1912s, 1916s, 1920s, 1924s, 1928s, 1932s, 1936s, 1940s, 1944s, 1948s, 1952s, 1956s, 1960s, 1964s, 1968s, 1972s, 1976s, 1980s, 1984s, 1988s, 1992s, 1996s, 2000s, 2004s, 2008s, 2012s, 2016s, 2020s, 2024s, 2028s, 2032s, 2036s, 2040s, 2044s, 2048s, 2052s, 2056s, 2060s, 2064s, 2068s, 2072s, 2076s, 2080s, 2084s, 2088s, 2092s, 2096s, 2100s, 2104s, 2108s, 2112s, 2116s, 2120s, 2124s, 2128s, 2132s, 2136s, 2140s, 2144s, 2148s, 2152s, 2156s, 2160s, 2164s, 2168s, 2172s, 2176s, 2180s, 2184s, 2188s, 2192s, 2196s, 2200s, 2204s, 2208s, 2212s, 2216s, 2220s, 2224s, 2228s, 2232s, 2236s, 2240s, 2244s, 2248s, 2252s, 2256s, 2260s, 2264s, 2268s, 2272s, 2276s, 2280s, 2284s, 2288s, 2292s, 2296s, 2300s, 2304s, 2308s, 2312s, 2316s, 2320s, 2324s, 2328s, 2332s, 2336s, 2340s, 2344s, 2348s, 2352s, 2356s, 2360s, 2364s, 2368s, 2372s, 2376s, 2380s, 2384s, 2388s, 2392s, 2396s, 2400s, 2404s, 2408s, 2412s, 2416s, 2420s, 2424s, 2428s, 2432s, 2436s, 2440s, 2444s, 2448s, 2452s, 2456s, 2460s, 2464s, 2468s, 2472s, 2476s, 2480s, 2484s, 2488s, 2492s, 2496s, 2500s, 2504s, 2508s, 2512s, 2516s, 2520s, 2524s, 2528s, 2532s, 2536s, 2540s, 2544s, 2548s, 2552s, 2556s, 2560s, 2564s, 2568s, 2572s, 2576s, 2580s, 2584s, 2588s, 2592s, 2596s, 2600s, 2604s, 2608s, 2612s, 2616s, 2620s, 2624s, 2628s, 2632s, 2636s, 2640s, 2644s, 2648s, 2652s, 2656s, 2660s, 2664s, 2668s, 2672s, 2676s, 2680s, 2684s, 2688s, 2692s, 2696s, 2700s, 2704s, 2708s, 2712s, 2716s, 2720s, 2724s, 2728s, 2732s, 2736s, 2740s, 2744s, 2748s, 2752s, 2756s, 2760s, 2764s, 2768s, 2772s, 2776s, 2780s, 2784s, 2788s, 2792s, 2796s, 2800s, 2804s, 2808s, 2812s, 2816s, 2820s, 2824s, 2828s, 2832s, 2836s, 2840s, 2844s, 2848s, 2852s, 2856s, 2860s, 2864s, 2868s, 2872s, 2876s, 2880s, 2884s, 2888s, 2892s, 2896s, 2900s, 2904s, 2908s, 2912s, 2916s, 2920s, 2924s, 2928s, 2932s, 2936s, 2940s, 29

